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### The Six and Twentieth Birthday of the Organist's Fur Cap.

(Translated from the German for this Journal.)

We had a glorious feast. The brave old court organist was just then in his happiest humor, for he was celebrating his silver wedding with his office. Around the long, stately table sat children and children's children; also the court preacher, the forest commissioner, the grocer cousin from Z—, the kapellmeister with his lady, and myself, and at the head of all the venerable mother of the house, by the side of the jovial host.

"And now," said the court organist, when we had discussed the roast meats, and were cutting into the cakes adorned with flowers, and the precious Burgundy began to illuminate our brains, "now, dear Margaret, bring me Bastian."

The children of the good old man, who well knew what was coming—for they had heard the history before—grew silent all at once, and even we older ones ceased our loud laughing as the housewife came in with a large oil portrait in a golden frame, and placed it solemnly behind the father, so that we all could see it.

"That is Bastian," said the court organist.

"Yes, that is Bastian," cried the little ones, who had known him.

"How do you think he looks, my very worthy friend?" inquired our host of me.

I—in truth, I had never seen a more villainous face. Upon the half-bald head were curled a few sparse, white tufts of hair; small blinking eyes were deep-set under white, bushy eyebrows; a long, deep scar divided the left cheek almost into two halves, and a Judas chin projected far beneath the mouth, which was distorted by a devilish grin. The face appeared to

be at least seventy years old, and with malicious look to meet your eye from whatever side you viewed it.

I was silent, for I knew not what I ought to say.

The others, too, were silent.

"I perceive," continued the organist, "I see well, my dear friends, what you think and feel at the sight of this picture. Hear, now, what a man this Bastian was, and what an influence he has had upon my destiny. It is just five and twenty years to-day since I was installed as court organist; and now, if my dear guests will permit me, and will not let it interfere with their eating and drinking, I will relate the commencement of the last act of my life. Indeed I must; it is a holy duty."

"O, we beg you will!" we all exclaimed, and the court organist began:

"It was a cold, dreary December night, on which, six and twenty years ago, Buchenrode, where I was cantor, was burnt down. The whole village lay in peaceful sleep. All at once, about midnight, rang out the terrible cry of 'Fire! fire!' God in heaven! I and my Margaret had scarcely time to spring out of bed and into our clothes, to throw a small cloak over the little Gottlieb, and to wrap up the baby in some bed blankets; for already had the fire broken out in the house of our next neighbor. As to saving money and money's worth and furniture, it was not to be thought of. The frightfullest storm raged, and baulked all attempts to put the fire out. Like rockets and fire-balls flew the bundles of straw, and soon all Buchenrode was one sea of flames.

"Trembling we stood behind the burning village in our field, and heard the crashing in of roofs, the bellowing of the unfortunate burning cattle, and the howling and shrieking of our friends. Then—the flame had just caught my roof and front chamber—then, O my God!—then it occurred to me—I tore myself from my wife and child and plunged into my dwelling. More than my life I felt that I now must save—my three hundred organ preludes, which I had labored ten years in composing. The scream of terror from my wife died away behind me, and through smoke and heat I made my way.

"Holding the book high in my hand, but half stifled and exoriated, I returned and exclaimed to Margaret: 'Thank God, wife, I have got the organ preludes!' Ah, it was all that I had rescued from destruction; and as the sun rose, the beautiful large church village, the school and the church, all lay in ashes and in ruins.

"For ten years had I here been happy in the quiet circle of a modest, useful labor, and now at

once was I, with my family, breadless, a beggar and an outcast; for of the rebuilding of the village and the church in a short time there was no hope, and quite as little of support from our lord, the gracious count. He had been rioting for long years in Paris. And yet my courage was not gone. 'Quiet yourself, Margaret,' said I to my weeping wife. 'God still preserves the lives of ourselves and our poor little innocents. Compose yourself; have we not friends and relations in the Residence? They will not leave us in the lurch. And have I not my three hundred organ preludes? O, Margaret, you will see how the publishers will snatch at them, and how glad they will be to get them of me for a round sum! So leave off your lamenting, and come away from this place of terror.'

"I took by the hand the four-year-old Gottlieb—the Secretary there of the High Court of Justice; Margaret carried the suckling, screaming in the most unseemly manner, the stubborn little creature!—it is the honorable Forest Commissioner's lady there; and so we went along barefoot through the street towards the Residence—I, indeed, bare-headed, for I had lost my hat in rescuing my organ preludes.

"When we had reached the hill, where the three lindens stood, and looked now for the last time on the spot where our ill-fated village had been, and as the morning sun tinged the still rising clouds of smoke, the mother in a mournful tone said: 'Now we have nothing left except ourselves, our love, and our heavenly Father, who will not forsake us.' 'Margaret,' I answered, and in a cheerful voice began to sing the beautiful hymn: *Befiehl du deine Wege*, (Commit thou all thy ways, &c.)

"I had, to be sure, but five *gulden* in my pocket. But did not our cousin, the rich leather-dealer, live in the suburbs of the Residence, which was only four miles off? And was there not inside, in the Seilergasse (rope-maker's street) the noble and respected Counsellor of Justice, whom I once entertained, with wife and child, for three days long in Buchenrode, when his carriage was upset and the old aunt sprained her hip? Did he not call me a thousand times his *charming, darling friend*, and take the most solemn oath that on the first opportunity he would richly remunerate me for the labor of love? Were there not in that happy city three book and music-publishing establishments? Could I then possibly fail? Were we not most certainly provided for in one way or another? And was there not before all also in the Residence our very best of friends—our dear Lord God?

"In truth, never had a burnt out family, who had lost their all, and who were almost helpless

from fatigue and cold, greeted the towers of a city with more joyful feelings than did we the towers of the Residence in the light of the sinking sun.

"Half dead, we stood before the door of the stately house of our cousin, the leather-dealer. Chattering with cold, I pulled the bell, which rang loudly through the vaulted building and set the dogs to barking, so that the frightened Gottlieb hid his face in his mother's gown.

"Who is there?" inquired the cousin from the window of the middle story.

"It is we," was my answer—"Andrew from Buchenrode, with my wife and children. Open right away, Herr cousin, for you won't get rid of us again so soon."

"What?" exclaimed the cousin. "What do you want, and why come you here with all your baggage?"

"Why?" was my answer, "because we were burnt out last night, and have lost all. So don't stop to make many compliments, brave cousin! Unlock the door, and let the good aunt bring a pot of warm beer, for we are hungry and frozen to death."

"Eh!" croaked the cousin from aloft; "look at the ragged pack! Get you to the tavern if you are hungry! You don't come in here! Our relationship is not such a near one! It is only that your wife's father was my father's brother. Go to the Red Ball, where I will send you something in the morning."

"Cousin!" I cried, "cousin! I am Andrew of Buchenrode; do you hear? Andrew am I?"

"Go, and be hanged to you!" replied the cousin, and shut down the window.

"And there we stood in the grim cold, with the night coming on. My children trembled and wept. But I said: 'Fie, Margaret! the Herr cousin is not worth your tears;' and so we went over to the Red Ball, since it was too late that evening to fall upon the neck of the eminent Herr Counsellor.

"But now we were seated in the warm room, and the hostess brought the comforting warm beer soup. This and the glad prospect of the following day made us soon forget our sweet cousin and our suffering, and went so cheerily to the right spot, that I committed an excess, and ordered, in addition to the bread and butter, a supply of cheese and a foaming pitcher of beer. Ah, thought I, the Counsellor and the music-publisher will pay for all.

"With real comfort we sank down upon the hard straw and slept, collectively and severally, as sound as rats and as dreamlessly until the coming day, the eventful, the decisive. It was the seventeenth of December, just six and twenty years ago this day.

"Early, at nine in the morning, as early as we could call with propriety upon the noble gentleman, my poor caravan set itself in motion, after we had taken leave of the roguish host, who extorted two gulden out of me for the single night, and so we reached the Seilergasse.

"Here it was quite different from what it had been with the leather-dealer. The Herr Counsellor admitted us at once into the house, and came himself down stairs with his morning pipe. I related briefly our misfortune, who I was, and hoped that the charming, darling friend would instantly present himself, and by advice and deed make a quick end to our trouble. But the

Herr Counsellor knew us no longer, and troubled himself no further about the fatal history of the carriage and the dislocated hip of the loose-toothed aunt. Jog his memory as I would, it was of no use—he knew us not. But our misfortune touched him, and he pressed a half-florin piece into my hand, while he courteously pushed us to the street door, but I flung the half florin through the opening of the door before his feet, and stood again with my weeping wife and shivering children helpless in the open street.

"Margaret," said I, "do you go back again with the children for the present to the Red Ball. God willing, I will soon bring help, and that right to the purpose. We will beg no more. The deuce take the leather-dealer and the justice! Let us now take the better part! That is the sure way. Now bring out your money bags, ye brave music-dealers! The one of you that gives the most, has them." I meant the organ preludes, and so I marched on in high spirits, still, to be sure, bare-headed, into the bookstore that stood open before me.

"Here crept out from behind a table a little man in steel-bowed spectacles, and staring at me, asked me who I was and what I wanted. I soon saw that I had the bookseller himself before me, for the little man was excessively short and crusty. I also said, very shortly, that I was the Cantor Andreas of Buchenrode, a pupil of the great Bach, and that I brought him three hundred organ preludes, composed by me, to publish, if the Herr bookseller was disposed to pay me something handsome for them, besides twenty free copies.

"But the little man did not deign to bestow a single look upon the book, and with the words: 'That is not a current article,' and 'I can make use of such things,' he showed me the door and crawled grumbling again behind the table.

"As if touched by lightning, I stood now again bewildered in the street. I had never expected that! Three hundred organ preludes after Sebastian Bach no current article! My brave ten years' labor a thing of which no use could be made! O God! shivering and shaking overtook me, and I glided utterly without hope into the two remaining bookstores, where, with a few variations, my luck was not a hair's breadth better. Everywhere I was repulsed, and no one would so much as look at my work.

"O, dreadful fate! My last, sure, joyful hope was gone! What should I say to the anxiously waiting wife in the Red Ball? Must not such a Job's message strike her to the ground? Was I not myself stricken down?"

"There I held the laborious work of ten long years in my trembling hands, and there was nobody who had offered me a sixpence for it. What should I set about next? What was there left for me and my poor hungry little innocents? In tears I glided past the stately houses, all without help for me, across the market-place, where all things possible for life's enjoyment were displayed and heaped up to superfluity, and nothing, nothing of all that could drop down for me, and so on to the wretched tavern, where I was to step before my Margaret with the mournful news. Verily, my mood was more dreadful than at the moment when I stood behind my burning house.

"Then—O God!—then there came into my throat, I know not how, the sixth verse of the beautiful hymn, and just as I was passing the

house of the Counsellor—I could not resist it—I sang with a loud voice:

Hope on, poor soul, forever,  
Hope on, and never fear!  
God's mercy will deliver  
From all thy troubles here.  
To Him thy life surrender,  
And only wait His time;  
Full soon in heavenly splendor  
The sun of joy shall shine.

"The passers-by had every reason to suppose me crazy; but I was marvellously consoled, and greeted Margaret, who came from the Red Ball to meet me, with the joyful cry of: 'Victory, dear wife! We are received and welcomed by the dear God as his children, and found worthy of a severe trial; for whom the Lord loveth, him he chasteneth. With the booksellers it came to nothing. They hold the works of art and genius for mere commodities, and feel, like the butchers, only of the fat parts for their shambles; the deuce take them! But now we will not stay an hour longer in this accursed hole. Up and take the little ones; now we will go to Z—, to the grocer. To be sure, he too is our cousin, but he is poor; therefore he will be human, he will feel for others' need, and surely will not forsake us.'"

"Andrew!" exclaimed here the honest grocer, and reached out his hand across the table to the narrator, "Andrew, you knew my heart. Truly I would not have forsaken thee, if thou and thine had come to me, although I myself at that time wore the belt of want about my loins. But go on with thy story."

"My wife," continued the court organist, "when she heard how every project failed, could not refrain from weeping. There really was nothing further left to us except the way to Z—, which lies seven miles from here. I was quite blue in the face from cold, and the icy wind blew on my hair.

"Andreas," said the mother, "it does not signify, you must have a cap; you will freeze so." "Indeed I do freeze," was my answer; "but where is a cap to come from? We have now not more than three gulden left, and if I give them for the cap, how shall we get to Z—?"

"Make yourself easy about that," said Margaret. "Fortunately I still find the silver thimble in my pocket, and a handkerchief which we do not need; this will keep us along till then; but you must by all means have the cap."

"So be it," I replied, "in God's name," and we went together into the house of Kilian Brustfleck, the furrier. It was, as I have said, the seventeenth of December, about half past ten in the forenoon, and that was the way by which fate—ah, why do I say fate?—that was the way by which God led me into my good fortune.

"The master furrier had right handsome caps, but they were too fine and too dear for me. 'Here is yet one more in the maker's hands,' said he, 'a real nice fur cap, which I can let the Herr Cantor have for three gulden; but then the Herr Cantor will have to wait half an hour until the journeyman is ready with it.'

"I found that quite convenient. My family could warm themselves in the meantime at the warm stove, and I could tell the worthy master the history of my sufferings and misfortunes, to which he listened with a heartfelt sympathy, and made not a few severe remarks upon the mean cousins and booksellers. Indeed, he was so



touched by my misfortune that he promised to let me have the cap a half guilder cheaper.

"What!" croaked out some one from a corner, whom I had not yet observed in the room. "Master Kilian, are you mad? That beautiful cap—it is worth more among brothers. I tell you what, let me have the cap; I will give you four guilden for it."

"Terror, as if the evil one had suddenly appeared, paralyzed my tongue. The monster, who knew my misery, for he had overheard all, a little old man in a brown coat, crept nearer, took one pinch of snuff after another, stepped up to my poor children, and spoke with a sneering laugh, while he pinched Gottlieb in the cheeks: "He, he, he, you young brat, why do you not die? But you will freeze perhaps before the day is over; he, he, he!"

"Sir!" indignantly exclaimed my wife, "are you a man? are you a Christian? Can you take the cap from my poor husband?"

"Why not?" laughed the man. "I need it myself, and will give four guilden."

"Sir, by no means!" now exclaimed the honest furrier. "I have promised the cantor this cap, and he must have it."

"Well, do as you like," replied the man in brown, "but do not let it go under four guilden; that I tell you, and I will have it. Does master Kilian understand?"

"Yes," he replied, surprised, "I understand; and since the Herr Cantor can play the organ so well, he may in the meantime, while the cap is being sewed up, while away the time there at the clavier."

"In the chamber there stood to be sure a not bad instrument, on which the master's children practised, and I did not have to be asked twice, but sat down, opened my organ preludes, and played valiantly, at first in a grim and moody vein, but gradually softened by the holy power of harmony, which worked like balsam on my bleeding heart. At last I figured my favorite choral: *Commit thou all thy ways, &c.*, and I rejoiced to see that even the brown devil, fascinated by the tones, like Rameau's spider, had crept to my side. But when I had ended, the monster again croaked out with a sneering laugh:

"He, he, he! the Herr Cantor will draw no dog from the oven so. Money is the word! The cap is now ready. Down with the four guilden, Herr Cantor, else the cap is mine."

"O heavens! I had not, to save my soul, a farthing more than the three guilden. My own and my wife's entreaties with the master, that he would keep his word as at first given, were fruitless. "Even if I would," said Kilian, shrugging his shoulders, "I could not; and four guilden must be paid, or else the cap belongs of right to the old gentleman." The latter laughed again insultingly, and suggested that, under the circumstances, it were much better I should go back to the Red Ball, and there wait till the weather should grow milder. But, indignant at this villainy, neither I nor Margaret were willing to waste another word, and I cried: "Away! away hence from this Sodom! away to Z—, to cousin Benjamin!" Margaret spread out the handkerchief, and I laid the three guilden upon it, and suggested that the whole together was now amply worth four guilden; but the old brown coat pushed back the handkerchief and offered to lend me a guilder if I would pledge my organ preludes.

"What should I do? Bitter as it was to me to know my work in such hands and to be a debtor of that man, yet I had to bite into the sour apple, for the master himself, to whom I would have preferred to pledge the manuscript for the one guilder, declined it at a wink from the man in brown, and so the latter paid the guilder, took my dear book, and went off with a mocking laugh.

"Who is the fiend?" I asked the master.

"That is Bastian, Herr Cantor," was the reply. "But what he does may be quite right. But if he has compelled me to take a guilder more from the Herr Cantor than I would, he has not prevented me from having made for you good people a nice warm cup of coffee, and it must soon come in, and a couple of fresh wheaten rolls besides."

"Readily and gladly did the kindly housewife obey this benevolent order, and soon the invigorating beverage was steaming, and, with the white rolls refreshing us poor hungry, half-starved creatures.

"Deeply touched and grateful, we took leave of the honest master. Were we not warm and full, and did not my head stick in the most admirable of fur caps?"

"But—just God!—scarcely had we wandered through two streets of the town on the way to Z—, when two policemen with the brown-coat came towards us. "There they are," said the latter, pointing to us; "bring them along with me." "What?" exclaimed I; "what do you want of us? We are honest people." "Honest people?" said the old man, grinning. "That remains to be proved."

"All my protestations, all my wife's tears were no help; we were carried off, and now and then I saw our devil sneer and laugh, while the beadles muttered many indistinct things about vagabonds and strollers.

"So on, till we came before the city. Here they opened a wicket gate and led us into a house that stood all by itself. "In!" cried the old man, and we stepped into a small chamber, opening upon another chamber. "Sir," said I, earnestly to the old man, "I suppose you are the head beadle here, and really the Prince could not have found a better. But tell me, what offence have I and mine committed? Has not the cup of misery already been poured out upon us sufficiently? Must we also languish in a prison?"

"Compose yourself, Herr Cantor," replied Bastian, after the others had withdrawn, "and please to tell us briefly whether you are disposed to stay here or actually to travel on to Z—?"

"To Z—, will I," I exclaimed with a bitter smile—to Z—, and shake the dust of this ungodly city from my feet."

"Well, then," replied the old man, "then I cannot help you; the Herr Cantor is under arrest." So saying, he withdrew, and I could hear him lock the door.

"Then my dear wife fell, weeping aloud, into my arms, and I myself was comfortless. A beggar, an outcast, sick, and now a prisoner. That was too much!"

(Conclusion next week.)

(From the Providence Journal.)

#### "Power" Music.

My Dear Mr. Editor.—Shall I congratulate you upon the indescribable pleasures of having heard the steam organ, that triumph of our race

and time? I believe you are not deaf, so I think I will; but at any rate you may congratulate me, since I have heard it, and, like Daniel Webster, "I still live." What an age it is! What a forth-stretching, seven-league-booted people this is, among which we move and listen! As I stood on that beautiful Cove promenade—*itself*, by the way, made out of nothing, though certainly not for nothing—and heard the first notes of the approaching Worcester train, I must own to having been, for an instant, lost in the enormity of my feelings. I came by notification, and prepared at all points for surprise, but—could it be possible! Yes, there was a locomotive, and it was a rather staid old foggy, too, one of those most machinery of all machines, a thing that has always been to me the personification of humdrum toil, a creature tied down to a single track in life, and never indulging in any pastime beyond a snort and a puff; there was that worthy old drudge, actually careering towards me, with a jolly sort of look, decked with evergreens, all its breeching kicked off, and bran new holiday housing on, Hailing Columbia, that happy land, with all its might; bidding old Dan Tucker clear the track, with much jocularity; showing us how the weazel pops, and finally, when abreast of us, bursting spasmodically into a triumphant Yankee Doodle.

As I remarked, I was at first lost in my feelings, but surprise soon toned itself down into meditation. Well, thought I, old fellow, what a blessing it is you are so patriotic, if you must be so noisy; and then I began to think how nice it would be to use him in the coming fight, and enlist him for Kansas; and to wonder whether we couldn't somehow get him, like the Howadjis, to take the stump for "our Jessie" and sing a little prose steam politics. The idea seemed to me both a good one, and a feasible; but I was a little too quick, for while the thought was swelling within me, the old fellow gave a huge snort, and sputtered the Marseilles Hymn all over us, following the compliment with Rory O'More. Now this, I own, "gave me pause." It was very fine, I confess, but was it just the thing for a sober Rhode Islander, to take those "furren" articles, when "Old Bristol" was on the market, or perhaps "New Shoreham," and both could probably stand any required pressure. Looking at it merely in the light of an example to all the young iron colts in the Cove engine houses, I thought it of doubtful expediency, and so I hinted to the Attorney General, whom I met, and who met my society, as you may suppose, with a hearty sympathy. Still, it might be a Massachusetts engine, after all, and so I followed it into the depot to examine. I didn't find out, because so many were before me, but such delicious sensations as I experienced I think I shall never feel again, for as soon as I was in the building the delightful creature began once more. Again I heard how the weazel pops, and a curious pop it seemed, not unlike what I suppose to be that of a ginger beer bottle in Brodignag, but I dare say very accurate, for never having caught one, either asleep or awake, I am not well acquainted with his habits. Then I was invited to "wait for the wagon" and would have done so cheerfully, had the hour been earlier, but it was nearly my dinner time, and somehow, the music was of so strengthening a nature that it gave me all the sensations of a fine appetite; that sort of vibratory goneness, Mr. Editor, which you may have never known, but I could refer you to many who have; a peculiar internal condition, as if a ratification meeting were being held inside of one, and more were for bolting than for ratifying. It was delightful, and as soon as I perceived the state of the case, I at once started to make use of the happiness so unexpectedly provided.

All the way home I heard the plucky old fellow roaring out tune after tune, and I must say I was overjoyed, in ecstasy, until as I approached my house, it occurred to me that I might have been all the time mistaken, and what I had supposed was pure musical spirits, might be after all drink. Yes there it was, the murder was out. He had been taking a little "so'thing hot," and seasoned though he were, it had evidently got into his head. The idea was a painful one I need not say, and altered my whole opinion of the creature in a second,

for in company with many of our worthiest citizens I think that whatever drinks, be it man or engine, can't be respectable. The thing is impossible, and all the music there is in him can't make him respectable. He can't be right if he is tight. Now how sad it was to feel that, owing to my scruples as to drink, I had to give up at once all the magnificent ideas that were so bravely opening before me. Imagination had begun to soar in all directions, but as yet the idea was always ahead of her, and every where she was met by old sober steam engines playing patriotic, devotional or Ethiopian tunes. The next national anniversary had appeared to my prophetic eye provided with its fifty-horse power ode to freedom, every public meeting I saw supplied with its steam "Tyler too's," I was even anticipating a new book of steam ministrisly adapted to old passenger engines, with simple tunes for second-hand freighters and scales for gravel train beginners. My brain was in a whirl but I sobered it with the single reflection: The fellow drinks. I can't tolerate him and I won't, especially as he has got no vote.

(From the Worcester Palladium.)

### The Steam Calliope.

The new steam organ—Madame Calliope—invented and constructed by our esteemed fellow-citizen, J. C. Stoddard, Esq., made a flying visit to the city of Providence, a few days since, and created a great sensation. Its fame had gone before it, but the idea of operating an organ by steam seemed to be so absurd that most people at a distance were inclined to regard the whole thing as a hoax, and as somewhat related to that *water gas light* for which our city became so *paine*-fully celebrated a few years ago. But when the animal showed itself, and opened its mouth to the tunes of Yankee Doodle and Old Dan Tucker, down through the valley of the Blackstone, all doubts in that direction speedily vanished. Men, women and children rushed out from their houses and places of business, and gathered upon the hill-tops and bridges, and at all the station-houses upon the line of the road from Worcester to Providence. They stood in crowds of hundreds and thousands in some of the large villages through which we passed, and ran towards the head of the train to see the "crittur," and see how the thing was done, as though they were running for their lives. I saw several groups of people run out upon the lawns in front of their houses with curiosity and astonishment depicted upon their countenances, and while listening and looking at the wonder they unconsciously found themselves whirling in the graceful gyrations of the waltz, or singing as an accompaniment, the old familiar words set to the old national tunes which were sung by our great-grand-sires.

At Providence the people seemed to turn out *en masse*, as at the exhibition of fire-works or some remarkable pizgent, and occupied all the vacant room contiguous to the route through which the organ could be seen. Never since the opening of the road has there been such a universal manifestation of wonder and admiration by the people along the line as was exhibited on this occasion. At all the large machine shops in the north part of the city the operatives came out by hundreds, and swung their hats and cheered us as we passed. Even the cattle and horses in the pastures seemed quite exultant at the sound of Yankee Doodle, and with heads and tails erect pranced along with a great deal of majesty so long as we were in sight of them.

The effect of this music upon the ear of those at a distance was most astonishing. On my return I saw one lady, who was sitting in her house upon a high hill about two miles from the road, when the sound of the music first fell upon her ear. She arose, went to her bureau and took out her purse to throw a piece of money to what she supposed to be a hand organist, playing under her window, but not seeing him, she went out doors and quite round the house, and wherever she stopped the music seemed to be on the opposite side of the house from where she stood; but she could not discover whether it was in the air or in

the earth. She remained in this suspense while the organ was passing from Millville to Woonsocket, when a neighbor explained the mystery. Another person three miles distant first heard it, while drawing water at his well, in the air directly over his head, and he stood for several minutes listening and looking upward to see what he supposed must be an aeronaut in a balloon, or something else passing along, carrying an organ or some other instrument which discoursed most enchanting music. At first it seemed quite distant, but it approached nearer and louder, and then receded gradually until it died away entirely. Farmers, working in their fields, two or three miles off, heard the music and admired it, but could not tell from whence it came nor whither it went, nor whether it was the music of spheres or of the birds; but whatever it was, they stopped and listened to it until its last echoes were lost in the distance, as do the shepherds of the Alps at the sound of the Alpine horn. I heard of many other similar incidents, which proved that the organ of hearing can be deceived by a sound passing directly upward to a given height, and then radiating in parabolic curves, just as easily as the organ of sight can by the mirage of the desert.

A TRAVELLER.

### The New Opera-House in Philadelphia.

The *Evening Bulletin* gives the following report of progress in this noble undertaking:—

A visit to the huge and elegant building now in process of construction by the Academy of Music, at the corner of Broad and Locust streets, will well repay the visitor at the present time. Externally it is finished, and the beautiful and substantial stone and brick work, and the general architectural effect, on Broad and Locust streets, will be admired by every one. The interior presents a busy scene, but even in the present state of confusion and incompleteness, one can form a good idea of what the appearance will be when finished. The stage is immense, and it is provided with every new contrivance for the shifting of scenes and the production of striking effects. The audience part contains a parquet, parquet circle, first, second and third tiers, and although there will be seats for about three thousand persons, every one will have perfect freedom of movement and will not be cramped or uncomfortable, as in all the other establishments of the kind in the country.

The whole building is to be heated by steam from boilers placed in a vault south of it, and there will be several miles of iron pipes to convey the heat to every part of the vast structure. Of gas pipes there will be nearly two miles, and water will be conducted through the edifice on an equally liberal scale. The dome of the auditorium is of an entirely novel construction. The frame work is of wrought iron and the whole ceiling is of wire-work interlaced, on which is to be placed the plaster that is to receive the fresco painting. Lightness and additional security in case of fire are obtained by this novel and elegant mode of constructing the roof. Around a large circular opening in the centre of the dome, will be globes and hundreds of gas burners, which will shed a flood of light upon the whole interior, without interfering with the eye-sight of spectators. At the same time, this mode of lighting will much assist the ventilation, which is further provided for by openings in the ceilings and floors in various parts of the house. The walls are of enormous thickness, and the wood-work of the galleries and the roof is the most massive and substantial that we have ever seen in any building.

In the front part of the house, looking on Locust street, is a superb saloon, to be used for promenades, or for concerts, lectures or balls, which will seat some eight hundred people comfortably. This saloon is to be decorated in the highest style of art. There is a most liberal supply of retiring rooms, cloak rooms and refreshment rooms, and nothing that can contribute to the comfort and convenience of the public seems to have been neglected. The stairways throughout the building are spacious and easy of ascent, and

there is such an abundance of wide door-ways, that a full audience can be discharged in a few minutes. The grand vestibule on the Broad street front will be very handsome, and a flight of stairs at each end, fourteen feet wide, with handsome balusters and superb globe lights, will add greatly to its beauty. On the Locust street side a light and graceful roof will be thrown across the pavement, so that people may get in and out of carriages, in rainy weather, without getting wet.

The shape of the auditorium is such that there will be a good view of the stage from every seat in the house, and it is believed that the construction will prove to be as good for hearing as for seeing. The decorations of this part will be rich and elegant, without being too extravagant. The colossal caryatides to support the proscenium will be of carved wood, instead of *papier maché*, as in the New York Opera House. This will be a little more costly, but at the same time more durable, as the *papier maché* ornaments of the New York house have already been broken and damaged to a considerable extent. The painters have already made considerable progress in finishing the walls of the vestibules and stairways from top to bottom, in imitation of Sienna marble, which has a very pretty effect. Contracts have been made for the finishing and furnishing of the auditorium, and even the scene painter is at work preparing some of the scenery necessary for the stage. It is expected to have new and beautiful scenery for five operas ready when the house is opened, and an artist from Europe, to assist in this department, is expected daily.

It is impossible to say when the building will be finished, but, with the same energy that has been exhibited thus far in carrying on the vast structure, it may be completed in the coming autumn. Some additional funds are needed, which we doubt not will be easily raised, for the sake of completing what we believe to be the best constructed opera house in the world, and one that every Philadelphian ought to take pride in, not merely because it will be an architectural ornament, but because it will be a noble school of Art, and is destined, under proper hands, to be a useful agent in refining the taste of the population and winning them away from less profitable and less reputable amusements.

### Franz Schubert's Symphony in C Major.

BY ROBERT SCHUMANN.

[Translated for the London Musical World.]

The musician who visits Vienna for the first time may perhaps be able to amuse himself for a while with the festive bustle in the streets, and have, most likely, remained standing in astonishment before the *Stephansturm*, but he will soon be reminded that, not far off, there is a church-yard more important to him than all the other sights of which the city can boast, and where two of the greatest men who ever exercised his art, repose at a few paces' distance from each other. Many a young musician has no doubt, like myself, after the first few days spent in noise and bustle, wandered forth to the Währinger church-yard, to lay his offering of flowers upon the two graves, even though it were only a wild rose-bush, such as I found planted on the grave of Beethoven. Franz Schubert's resting-place was unadorned. A fervent wish of my life was fulfilled, and I contemplated for a long time the two sacred graves, almost envying him—a certain Count O'Donnell, if I am not mistaken—who lies between the two. To look a great man in the face or to grasp his hand is perhaps one of those things which everybody most desires. It had not fallen to my lot to greet, while living, the two artists whom I revered most of all those of modern times; and, therefore, after having visited their graves, I would have given anything to have had near me some one closely related to either of them, especially one of their brothers, I thought. It struck me, on my way home, that Schubert's brother Ferdinand, whom the composer, as I knew, greatly esteemed, was still living, I quickly sought him out, and from the bust near Schubert's grave, found he resembled



his brother; he was smaller, but strongly built, with honesty and music stamped on his face. He knew me by my veneration for his brother—a veneration I had often publicly expressed—and told and showed me many things, of which, with his permission, a great deal was inserted, some time ago, under the title *Reliquien* in the *Zeitschrift*. At last he allowed me to see some of the treasures of Franz Schubert's compositions still in his possession. The riches thus heaped up made me shudder with pleasure. Where was I to begin—where end? Among other things, he pointed out the scores of several symphonies, many of which have never been heard at all, having, in fact, been thought too difficult and bombastic, and laid on one side. A person must know Vienna and the peculiar circumstances attending its concerts, as well as the difficulties there are in assembling the means for more than ordinarily great performances, in order to understand how, in the place where Schubert lived and worked, only his songs, and few or none of his greater instrumental works are ever heard. Who can say how long the symphony, of which we are now speaking, would have lain in dust and darkness, had I not soon come to an understanding with Ferdinand Schubert that he should send it to the directors of the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig, or to the artist who conducts them, and whose sharp glance not even modestly budding beauty, much less beauty so apparent and brilliant, can escape. Thus it came to pass that the business was effected. The symphony was forwarded to Leipzig; it was heard and understood; it was heard again, and joyously, almost universally, admired. The active firm of Breitkopf and Härtel purchased the copyright of the work, and so it now lies before us in parts, and perhaps will soon lie in score, just as, for the profit and pleasure of mankind, we desired.

I say distinctly, whoever does not know this symphony, knows yet but very little of Schubert. This may, after what Schubert has already presented to Art, appear almost incredible praise. It has so often been said, to the annoyance of composers: "Abstain from ideas of symphonies after Beethoven"; and it is partly true that, with the exception of some few rare orchestral works of importance, which, however, are more particularly interesting as a means of judging of the gradual development of the talent of those who composed them, and have not exercised a decisive influence upon the masses, or the progress of other similar works, most of the rest are only flat reflections of Beethoven's style, for we make no account of those lame and wearisome manufacturers of symphonies, who possessed the power of imitating tolerably well the powder and perukes of Haydn and Mozart, without the head suitable to them. Berlioz belongs to France, and is only mentioned now and then as an interesting foreigner and made-up. What I had thought and hoped, that Schubert—who, steady in his forms, and full of fancy and variety, had already exhibited himself in so many other kinds of composition—would also attack the symphony from his point of view, and would hit the place, whence and through which the masses were to be reached, has most triumphantly come to pass. Most certainly he never thought of endeavoring to continue Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, but, as an industrious artist, created uninterruptedly from out his own mind, one symphony after another; and that the world is now made acquainted with his seventh, without having viewed his gradual development, and the symphonies preceding the one in question, is perhaps the only thing which could cause any regret at its publication, and occasion the work to be misunderstood. Perhaps the bolt will soon be withdrawn from the others; the smallest among them will always possess its importance in relation to Franz Schubert; in fact, the Viennese symphony-copyists need not seek so very far the laurel needed by them, since it lies heaped up sevenfold in Ferdinand Schubert's study, in one of the suburbs of the city. This would be a wreath worth presenting. But it is often thus: when people in Vienna speak, for instance, of ———, they never end in their praise of their Franz Schubert; when they are

among themselves, however, neither the one nor the other is reckoned of much importance by them. But, however, this may be, let us now revel in the spiritual abundance which gushes out of this precious work. It is true this same Vienna, with its *Stephansturm*, its beautiful women, its public magnificence, and, gilded by the Donau with innumerable bands, stretching into the blooming plain, which gradually rises to a higher and higher mountain range—this Vienna, with all its remembrances of the greatest German masters, must be a fruitful soil for the fancy of the musician. Frequently, when contemplating it from the lofty mountains, I have thought how Beethoven's eye must many a time have wandered fitfully towards the distant range of Alps; how Mozart must often have followed dreamily the course of the Donau, which everywhere appears to vanish in bush and forest; and how Father Haydn must also have often looked at the *Stephansturm*, shaking his head the while at such a giddy height.

[To be continued.]

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 19, 1856.

### Psalms and Hymns.

One cause, we doubt not, of the endless manufacture and multiplication of new psalm tunes, with which this country is particularly cursed, is to be found in the equally indefinite multitude of feeble, prosy, pretty, sentimental, doctrinal, didactic, metrical hymns. Every poetaster has felt called upon to write such. Every ordination or dedication calls out the village poet. Whoever can weave rhymes for the corner of a newspaper, especially if there be some slight dash of the devotee, some Sunday church or class-leadership connection about him, fancies himself inspired to add his feeble contributions to the songs of Zion. It is needless to affirm that nine tenths of the metrical hymns contained in most of the voluminous hymn books which have been in use in our time, are destitute of all soul of melody, all principle of music, and such as had better be left out, and a mere humming or an instrumental performance substituted, if we would secure the real beauty and devotional aid of any good music which might be mechanically adapted to them. They are simply not lyrical; there is no fire of genius or of true feeling raised to poetic fervor in them. They are but cold, prosaic, imitative thoughts and utterances, painfully bent and twisted into rhyme. It is quite natural that uninspired and coldly working musical mechanics, considering the multitude of these tame verses to be sung, should find sphere for themselves (a mighty profitable one too—"thrift, thrift, Horatio") in a corresponding multiplication of new psalm tunes by the book full, hundreds and hundreds at a time, year after year yielding a larger and a larger crop.

But our business just now is with the hymns, with the words rather than the music. Probably the great source of the thousands of poor, prosy hymns, through whose wishy-washy medium the lyrical element in all our worship is diluted, has been the practice of metrical translations of the Psalms of David. The hymns have been made on the principle of variations upon good old traditional material, or of working up those old "thoughts that live and words that burn," and which have come down as inspired, into endless

modern varieties of verse and metre. The Psalms in themselves, as we have them in our English Bibles, are incomparably grand and sweet and deep and musical, without any metre. There can be no improvement on the words as such. To bend them to the hum-drum music of a common psalm-tune, they must be versified into hum-drum; whereas a far more glorious music may be, often has been, written to them, only in a larger form, than psalm tunes (witness the many fine motets, Te Deums, services, by master composers, the admirable "Psalms" by Mendelssohn, &c.); or there is music in the simple chanting or reciting of them as they stand. A recent article upon "Hymnology" in the *Church of England Quarterly Review*,\* sets this matter right, from its own Church point of view; and there is much in its argument, especially the following, from which all denominations of worshippers might profit.

The causes of this degeneracy are as obvious as the fact itself: and first of all there stands out, as the chief obstacle in the way, the practice which is so unfortunately prevalent of making a great portion of the hymnal to consist of a metrical Psalter. Why this should be done we are quite at a loss to conceive: it appears to us to be utterly unreasonable to do so. It is unreasonable if we argue *à priori*, because if the Psalms are chanted (as they ought to be) or even said, in one part of the service, there can be no grounds for serving them up metrically in another: the necessity for a metrical version—which must from the nature of the case be unliteral—is entirely set aside by the fact that we have a really good prose translation, magnificent when simply read, and doubly so when adapted, as it may be, to the most stirring music in existence. It has been well said; "The sorrow and the triumphs which shook the strings of the royal harp are breathed in such strains of poetry as speak with divine eloquence in the unfettered rhythm of our version; but the sublimity is dwarfed by the exactments of metre and the music faintly and falsely echoed by the jingle of rhyme."

But we argue *à posteriori*, that it is unreasonable to encumber our hymnals with a metrical Psalter, because no one has ever yet succeeded in transferring the Hebrew poetry into English metre without losing either the beauty, or power, or both, of the original. Time after time has the attempt been made, and each time, almost utterly in vain: successive ages have in turn endeavored to improve on the failures of their predecessors and have all signally split upon this impassable rock. Were the translation ever so good, we have already shown that we should not require it, since if it equalled it could not surpass the sublime pathos and strength of the two prose versions which we possess. But as it is, the whole aggregate of metrical versions, from that of Sternhold to that of Keble ("The Oxford Psalter," 1839), can hardly produce a dozen hymns which are fit for Christian worship, the vast majority being utterly powerless to fill the soul with holy joy, or raise it on wings of ecstasy to heaven.

To use the words of Dr. Warton in his "History of Poetry"—"The most sublime imageries of the Divine Majesty, the most exalted effusions of thanksgiving, are, in metrical psalms, lowered by a coldness of conception, weakened by frigid interpolations, and disfigured by a poverty of phraseology. To the disgrace of sacred music, sacred poetry, and our service these psalms still continue to be sung. In the mean time it should be remembered they were never admitted into our church by lawful authority."

We would therefore retain the Psalms in our Liturgy in their own exquisite simplicity, rejecting as futile all the attempts which have been made to cramp their strength or pervert their meaning by metre and rhyme. A few of the versions, however, cannot be left to perish with the rest, they must still have a place in Christian worship as hymns: but the main idea of a metrical Psalter

\* Copied into Littel's *Living Age*, July 19.

must, we think, be utterly rejected as the chief stumbling-block in the way of improved hymnals.

The writer proceeds to remark upon a second cause of the degeneracy of our hymnal, namely, the incompetency of our would-be sacred poets, and then points out the superiority of those old hymns which sprang "out of the burden of the soul" in periods of real faith and inspiration, particularly the old Latin hymns and the German hymns of the Reformation, so full of simple, unaffected piety and childlike gratitude and love to God, composed by Gerhardt, Angelus, Luther, &c. We commend the article to every one.

Now here is our point. Suppose that out of the thousands of hymns, good, bad and indifferent, (the great majority, however, very commonplace and cold, or else ingenious and affected in their beauty and their show of gushing fervor—many of them, too, mere doggerel rhymings of what is better, and even more musical unrhymed, unmetered) we should select a hundred or two of the best and truest; those that sprang from true poetic and religious exaltation and creative energy of soul; those that are really fit for music, which contain a simple, complete, rounded whole or member of a whole of thought as well as rhythm in each line; those which have not too many thoughts, or too far-fetched, but which are simple, perfect utterances (like genuine tunes themselves) each of its mood of praise, or gratitude, or heavenly aspiration; suppose that we do this, would not these hundred or two hymns exert more of the quickening virtue of true sacred *poetry* upon our souls, than this eternal ringing of mechanical changes and sophistications upon a few simple, natural types?

And then again, suppose we do the same thing with the psalm tunes. Suppose that out of the innumerable "Collections," we cull just the hundred or two old universal favorites, which experience has proved to be of the right stuff and to have the soul of the matter in them; the really inspired tunes to go with the inspired hymns—not that we would proscribe *all* novelty—would not the singing of hymns in churches, whether by choirs or congregations, be a more edifying service than it is generally now?

But Music can do more for worship and for religious culture than is confined in this very humble sphere. So it can. So it has done, in Catholic and in Protestant churches. But it has been chiefly done in larger and more artistic forms of composition; in the Mass, (or its several movements, the *Gloria*, the *Benedictus*, &c.) in the Motet, such as a Bach, a Mozart wrote, in the extended "Psalms" of a Marcello, or the still more extended compositions of Mendelssohn under the same name, and so on. Is it not better, letting the basis of public musical worship remain very simple and familiar, that the musical talent should expend itself in the production or performance of larger compositions, in trained choirs? Let the psalmody part be the people's part, deriving a virtue from its very simplicity and familiarity; and then for the rest let Music exercise her full, free sway in enriching the religious service with the nobler forms of Art, so that it all be genuine and good. There is nothing which we should so much like to see, nothing which would so greatly benefit church music, as a book which should contain even no more than a hundred of the best hymns, severally mated to a hundred of the best tunes or chorals. We read now of new

psalm books, selling at the rate of fifty or a hundred and fifty copies each. But the first prize should be his who should best solve this far simpler, yet more difficult problem, of embodying the pure gold of the sacred melodies and verses in a small collection of about a hundred pieces, worthy to be known and used and loved of all.

We cannot stop to make such qualifications and explanations as we might and would, of what may seem a somewhat moody and eccentric proposition. We are not for shutting the gates against any real flood-ways of inspiration. We are aware that our age and place are not the first in the world's history, in which there has been a prodigious activity in the production of hymns and psalm tunes. Luther's time, we know, was most prolific in such fruits. But those were times of real, deeply pervading piety and faith; then the soul of the people was, as it were, rhythmically inspired. The Germans are richer in their national treasures of that sort than we are. But we are now considering what is best for the dull times in which we are cast. It cannot be said that we in this day are a people of peculiar musical genius in a creative way, or of a peculiar simplicity and heart-felt depth of faith, such as has quickened arts in other times. At all events the outpouring of the spirit among our people has not been in the form of immortal flowers of melody, of musical creation. If we make psalm-tunes faster than the old reformers, it is by virtue of that external *enterprise* which marks our age, and not of that inward exaltation and rejoicing consciousness of God which filled men in the days of Luther. If we cannot originate the true thing, we had better borrow what has still proved true.

### Brass! Brass!

In these dog-days the only music is of one sort, and that not the most refreshing. "The heavens are as brass above us," and the *airs* are all as brass about our ears. Whatever arguments, of taste, economy, necessity, there may be for bands all of brass on ordinary occasions, it does seem to us that there are some cases which would more than justify an exception. For instance, we can never cease to feel a sense of incongruity, in moving in procession on Commencement day, through the calm Academic shades of Harvard, to the hoarse, martial sound of brass, smothered by drums and cymbals. It would seem that then and there at least some gentler, more refined and at the same time richer commingling of sonorous ingredients should assist us to keep step to the music of our Alma Mater. We look back with regret to better times (in this regard at least,) when we were undergraduates, and when the old Brigade Band, not yet reformed to Gallo-Sax-on fashions, discoursed rich music from its well-blended, well-seasoned harmony of clarinets and bassoons and French horns, and more martial brass, not yet emasculated to unmeaning, uncharacteristic smoothness by the modern valves, &c., but still ringing with the true shivering trumpet crash.

What with our various college anniversaries, our civic, patriotic, literary society festivals, our now established institution of music in the open air, on summer evenings, at the public cost, and what with our numerous occasions for a band not strictly military, there surely should be business enough to support one complete band organized on the old principle of instruments of various qualities and individualities of tone; such a band as has been once or twice furnished (by special exertion) for some military parade.

At all events a college Commencement would be a good time for *commencing* this reform. There is, composed of Harvard's music-loving graduates, a society called the "Harvard Musica! Association," whose very aim is to further the cause of musical culture in college, and among educated men. Why should not Alma Mater call on them to take charge of the 'music at the annual home-gathering of her children? Let taste be consulted, and not allow the whole thing to go on by mere routine.

### Classical Music in Farmington, Ct.

STOCKBRIDGE, JULY 15, 1856.

MR. DWIGHT:—Dear Sir,—In taking up your paper of last week I saw a notice of a concert given in Farmington, Ct., by Messrs. MASON and BERGMANN, in which was the remark, "that there is no accounting for taste," &c. I am happy to know that it *can* be accounted for. You are probably aware of the fact, that Prof. EDWARD B. OLIVER, with whom you are doubtless acquainted, and of whose Text-book and compositions you have given such favorable notices, recently taught there for five years, and whose pupil it was my pleasure to be at that time. In justice to him and his arduous labors while there, I feel bound to state the following facts. When he first left Boston for that place on account of his health, he found the people, and also the school, that consisted of but very few pupils at that time, but which increased five-fold before he left, were, as usual in country places, entirely ignorant of the more elevated class of music, and had never heard of the names of world-renowned composers; indeed, nothing of music was heard but negro melodies, polkas, and like trash. By several years of extraordinary perseverance, he succeeded in banishing such from society, and the place being small, the good influence was felt throughout the village. As the pupils advanced, soirées were given semi-monthly, at which many persons were present and had opportunity to hear the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Hummel and Bach, performed by the pupils. Also, select articles upon Music, and many excellent ones from your own Journal, were read aloud, and no pains were spared to correct and elevate the standard of taste in the community. Thus, by these means and efforts, have the people become prepared to appreciate the works of those illustrious authors. And I cannot but feel that justice ought to be done to one who labored so assiduously and against such odds. I write to you in preference to other journals, as I know you are well aware of the difficulty of planting a love for classical music where there is so much ignorance and prejudice existing. That Prof. Oliver, who is now in Pittsfield, engaged in the same good work, where he has established a Musical Institute, may be equally successful in that place, is the hearty and sincere wish of

A FORMER PUPIL.

### Musical Chat-Chat.

A letter has been received in New York from the renowned pianist, THALBERG, announcing it as positively his intention to come to this country in the autumn. Now that he has tried South America, he will perhaps find it easier to cross the ocean a second time.

HENRY HILL, for many years esteemed the best of English tenor players, and whose name has so continually occurred in our reports of London chamber concerts, is dead. He was but little more than forty. He enjoyed the friendship of the best artists, English and foreign, was very popular among all musicians, and a *sine qua non*, says the *Musical World*, at all performances at the Royal Italian Opera, the Philharmonic, the Sacred Harmonic, the Musical



Union, and the provincial festivals.... Covent Garden Theatre is to be rebuilt, arrangements having been made between Mr. Gye and the Duke of Bedford, who reclaimed the land and ruins of the old theatre.

The Mendelssohn Union, an energetic choral society in New York, of which Mr. GEORGE S. PARKER is president, and Mr. MORGAN, the organist, we believe, conductor, gave the fourth soirée of their second season on the 1st inst. They performed the "Athalie" and the "Walpurgis Night" by Mendelssohn, and Mr. Eisfeld's "Voice from the Lake." Willis says: "The beautiful music of *Athalie* was given in a manner creditable to any society whatever. The choruses were prompt, true to pitch, time and shading. The sopranos might perhaps have been a little stronger to balance the other parts, and an orchestra instead of a pianoforte in the accompaniment would have been an improvement of course—but this was not included in the plan. The male chorus was the best we have ever heard in this city: the tenors seemed also to be excellent voices, although singing from the chest a good deal they somewhat overpowered the other voices." The same society announce Costa's new oratorio, "Eli," for the next season. The New Assembly Rooms, where this soirée was held, are said to be now the best place for music in New York.... The commencement exercises of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, in New York, were made unusually interesting this year by the first use of the *plain chant* in the services. The Rev. John Henry Hopkins, editor of the *Church Journal*, who has enthusiastically taken up the subject, presided at the organ, while below the students sang antiphonally the selected psalms. Mr. Willis says the number of voices was too small, "but still there were enough to show how manly, and dignified and devotional a music it is, and how practicable for the purpose included."

If some of the best things are those which are absolutely common,—sun and air, for instance,—how many good things are spoiled by the curse of commonness! We heard a hand-organ yesterday playing the Prayer from the *Freischütz*, and on approaching found that the instrument had an "attachment," to-wit a monkey—to whose capers the slow tune vainly endeavored to keep time.

The *Musical Review* says: "It is settled that we are to have German Opera in America, on an appropriate basis in New-York. German opera rendered *not* by a real artist in one rôle, with the others filled by chorus-singers; *not* with a repertoire consisting of *Martha* and *Der Freischütz* alone; but with a full, complete, and capable troupe, and with a repertoire as varied as at home. CARL BERGMANN is engaged as conductor, and his name alone is assurance of something worth listening to. NIBLO'S GARDEN, the most popular place of amusement in New-York, has been leased for a term of months, commencing in September; and there have already arrived in the country, in addition to Mad. VON BERKE and sister, whom the New-York public have heard, Messrs. PICKANESER (tenor) and WEINLICH, (basso,) artists of excellent voices and talent, and capable of a thorough artistic rendering of the rôles which will be entrusted to them. Besides these, a mezzo-soprano and baritone are shortly expected, completing the troupe; the orchestra and chorus are already gathered and in preparation. The repertoire of operas to be offered are Kreutzer's *Nachtlager von Granada*, Boieldieu's *Weisse Dame*, Lortzing's *Undine*, *Die beiden Schützen* and *Czar und Zimmermann*, Halevy's *Juulin*, Flotow's *Stradella*, and *Martha*, Meyerbeer's *Robert der Teufel*, *Hugenotten* and *Nordstern*, Wagner's *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Weber's *Oberon*, and *Der Freischütz*, Weigl's *Schweizerfamilie*, Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Mozart's *Figaro's Hochzeit*."

Mr. PHILIP ROHR announces his intention of starting soon a monthly German musical paper in Philadelphia, to be called the *Deutschen Musik-Zeitung für die Vereinigten Staaten*, (German Musical Journal for the U. S.) It will be in the German language, edited by Mr. P. M. WOLSIEFFER; price \$1.50 per annum. Success to it!... MAX MARET-

ZEK has taken a three years' lease of the N. Y. Academy of Music, at \$22,000 per annum, and goes immediately to Europe to engage opera singers.... Our friend CARL BERGMANN was presented a few weeks since with a silver goblet by the "Liederkrantz" of Hartford, Ct., during the German Musical Festival, which he conducted there.... The "German Trio," (Messrs. GARTNER, HAUSE and JUNG-SICKEL, of this city,) gave two concerts in Burlington, Vt., which were quite successful, during the first week of July.... Among the other rumors is one that JOANNA WAGNER will come to America, after the expiration of her present engagement with Mr. Lumley, which will be next Fall.... LAGRANGE and GOTTSCHALK are concertizing in Canada;—PARODI and STRAKOSCH are expected soon in New York on their return from a lengthened tour in the West and South;—the PYNE and HARRISON troupe ditto.

The *Musical Review* sneers at the *London Musical World's* opinion that JENNY LIND is the greatest singer in the world. It is not quite clear, however, whether the sneer is meant entirely for the critic, or partly also for the singer. The *London* correspondent in the same number of the *Review* declares that her singing of the scena from the *Freischütz* was "a pretentious, cold, affected and imitated business; a kind of bird-organ exhibition, sung with great care to hide the inroads which time has made upon a voice naturally not of the best kind." Believe that who can.

## Music Abroad.

### London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. (From the *Times*, June 27.)—In many respects one of the best performances we have witnessed of the *Barbiere di Siviglia* took place last night, when that masterpiece of opera buffa was presented for the first time this season at the Royal Italian Opera, and with a remarkably efficient cast.

As we have very recently had to speak in terms of disparagement of Signor RONCONI—whose Don Giovanni is certainly open to animadversion—we have the greater pleasure in bearing testimony—though not for the first time by many—to the unsurpassable excellence of his Figaro. Never was Ronconi's supremacy in this part more triumphantly demonstrated. From *Largo al factotum* to the end of the opera his humor, wit, and invention seemed inexhaustible. New points out of number were presented—all without exception racy, natural, and spontaneous. To describe the characteristics of Ronconi's barber at the present time, however, would be superfluous. The operatic world is sufficiently familiar with this famous impersonation; and we have only dwelt upon it thus far in order to impress our readers with an idea of the signal revenge which the gifted and versatile artist achieved after his recent *quasi* failure in a part of a very different nature.

Why MARIO should ever allow any one else, in the theatre to which he is attached, to essay the portraiture of Count Almaviva is a puzzle. There was never on the stage a more complete and striking representation than his of the hero of Beaumarchais and Rossini. In the hands of Mario the Count is essentially a gentleman—a gentleman at once so gay, *insouciant*, brilliant, and refined, that we may seek in vain for a parallel. The singing, too, is quite as great as the acting. That no living tenor can execute the florid music of Rossini with the same facility as Mario is notorious. His vocalization in this respect is as finished as that of Alboni herself—the most faultless of Rossinian singers. The series of rapid passages in the quick movement of the duet with Figaro—*All' idea di quel metallo*—are delivered throughout in an exquisitely sustained *mezza voce*, and with surprising fluency and evenness of tone. Not a note is shirked, not a shade of indecision to be detected in the intonation—all is pure, genuine, and artistic singing. It is a pity that so little of this kind of music is now produced. Were it otherwise, we might have a few more such artists as Mario—since it cannot be denied that composers are in a great measure responsible both for the merits and defects of their performers. Where Rossini and his predecessors may be said to have created singers, Verdi and his disciples must be equally allowed to have generated a race of screamers.

Madame BOSIO's Rosina has improved so sensibly from year to year that it now ranks among her most perfect achievements. True, she adorns the cavatina, *Una voce poco fa*, in so profuse and elaborate a style that not much of the simple beauty of the original is left, but her ornaments and *flouriture* are accomplished with such wonderful brilliancy that the first impulse

is rather to applaud the skill of the vocalist than to question the taste which admits a system of such unlimited embellishment. The same applies to Madame BOSIO's share of the duet with Figaro—*Dunque io son*—in which the consummate neatness of her execution disarms criticism altogether. In the lesson scene last night she introduced the well-known *polka varié*, from Alary's *Tre Nozze*—or rather a new version of it, since the original, as composed for Madame Sontag, was written, too low for the high *soprano* voice of Bosio. We did not greatly admire the first edition of this musical *jeu d'esprit*—nor do we find the present one, which far exceeds the other in difficulties, much more to our taste. It served, however, to exhibit the vocal powers of its fair and talented exponent in a highly advantageous light, and was encored enthusiastically.

Herr FORMES again produced a marked effect by his very original conception of the personage of Don Basilio and by his spirited declamation of the famous *La calomnia*. Signor TAGLIAFICO's Don Bartolo was a careful and meritorious performance; but the character is not exactly in his line. Mlle. COTTI was Berta, and Signor Soldi Fiorello. The overture was capitally played; and, indeed, the band and chorus, under Mr. COSTA, were more than usually excellent. The opera was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, who recalled Madame Bosio, Mario, and Ronconi after each act, and the two latter after their admirably effective performance in the duet "All' idea," to which allusion has been made.

On the 16th *Don Giovanni* was played with RONCONI as the Don, BOSIO as Zerlina, Mme. DEVRIES as Donna Anna, Mlle. MARAI as Elvira, GARDONI as Ottavio, FORMES as Leporello, &c. The *Times* says:

Mme. Bosio's Zerlina is charming in all respects—charming as an unaffected and truthful delineation of the half innocent, half coquettish peasant girl, who, while she really loves Masetto, is by no means averse to the admiration of the courtly cavalier—and still more charming on account of the exquisite purity with which the music is given. *Batti, batti, and Vedrai carino*, were both encored last night, and, which is more worth stating, were both sung to perfection. Mademoiselle Marai, too, is a most interesting and at the same time clever and intelligent Elvira. Her music—which is among the most arduous and difficult in the opera—was executed with the taste and correctness of a true artist. The part of Donna Anna was undertaken by a *debutante*—Mme. Rosa Devries, who comes to us with a considerable reputation from the United States. Madame Devries is no novice on the stage, although she has few pretensions (at least, if we may judge from last night's performance) to the title of a tragic actress. Her Donna Anna was a somewhat quiet and apathetic revelation. She executed the music, however—both concerted and solo—with all the facility, point, and emphasis of one to whom it has long been familiar. The grand scene and aria, *Or sai chi l'indegno*, where Donna Anna narrates to Ottavio the outrage by Don Juan, was an extremely clever though by no means a great performance. The trio of the masques, in the first finale, was still better. Here the upper tones of Mme. Devries' voice—a clear-toned legitimate soprano—were heard to much advantage, and, as the singing of Mlle. Marai and Signor Gardoni, was equally good, the result was a unanimous encore. On the whole the impression produced by the new comer was decidedly favorable. Nevertheless, with Grisi and Jenny Ney in the company, it was odd that a Donna Anna should have been sought for out of the theatre.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. At the fifth concert the orchestra played Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, Beethoven's No. 4, and the overture to *Oberon*. Miss ARABELLA GODDARD played Bennett's piano-forte Concerto in C minor, (to the great delight of the *Musical World*), and SIVORI performed Paganini's Violin Concerto in B minor. Miss DOLBY sang an Aria by Mozart: *Alcandro, lo confesso*, and Haydn's "Spirit Song"; Mr. WEISS sang an air from Mozart's *Figaro*.

NEW PHILHARMONIC. The following was the programme of the fifth and last concert:

### PART I.

Overture (*Ruy Blas*).....Mendelssohn  
Scena (*Der Freischütz*), Mme. Goldschmidt...Weber  
Chorus, "Hail, holy light;" duet, "Brightest Seraph," Miss Sherrington and Miss F. Huddart; solo and chorus, "Farewell, ye happy fields," Herr Rokitansky and chorus: song, "For spirits when they please,"

Miss Sherrington, (*Paradise Lost*).....Wylde  
Concerto in D minor, Mrs. J. Robinson, Mendelssohn  
Aria, "Squallida veste," Mme. Goldschmidt, Rossini  
Overture (*Oberon*).....Weber

### PART II.

Symphony Pastoral.....Beethoven  
Recueil de Mazourkas (arranged by Otto Goldschmidt), Mad. Goldschmidt.....Chopin  
Overture (*Masaniello*).....Auber  
Conductor—Dr. Wylde.

## The Musical World says:

As Mme. Goldschmidt has before sung all the pieces included in the above programme, it is enough to say that she never sang them more transcendently. The scene from *Der Freyschütz* was glorious; the *bravura* from *Il Turco* dazzling and splendid, and the mazourkas of Chopin, admirably accompanied by Herr Goldschmidt, were exquisitely quaint and touching. As the last faint note died away into silence, Mme. Goldschmidt produced such a marvellous *sotto voce* that we could not help recalling the beautiful simile in Shelley's *Sensitive Plant*:

"A music so delicate, soft and intense,  
It was felt like an odor within the sense."

Mrs. J. Robinson, who brilliantly represents the sister isle as *pianiste de la première force*, performed the difficult concerto of Mendelssohn with remarkable energy and fire. Her reading of the *andante* was charming—gracefully feminine, and yet quite unaffected. She was applauded with enthusiasm.

CLARA SCHUMANN'S RECITALS. The *Musical World* (June 2) says:

On Tuesday afternoon Mme. Schumann again "recited" some piano-forte music to her friends and admirers, who assembled at the Hanover Square Rooms in larger numbers than before. Mme. Schumann played the following pieces on the present occasion:

Variations in E flat on a theme from the Eroica Symphony,.....Beethoven  
Two Diversions (Op. 17); Suite de Pièces (No. 1, Op. 24),.....Sternale Bennett  
Variations on a theme (Aus den bunten Blättern) of Robert Schumann,.....Clara Schumann  
Sarabande and Gavotte (in the style of Bach),  
and Clavierstück in A major,  
Johannes Brahms and Scarlatti

Carneval (Scenes Mignonnes, Op. 9), Rob't Schumann

MME. GOLDSCHMIDT'S CONCERTS.—The 'Creation' was given last night at Exeter Hall. We have little to say of the performance, beyond expressing the extreme delight which we received from it, for it was precisely similar to the performance of this oratorio in the early part of the season. After all, it is in sacred music that the greatness of Jenny Lind's genius is most strikingly displayed. In the 'Messiah' she is as pre-eminent as sublime as, in the 'Creation' she is incomparably beautiful. She never sang more divinely than she did last night. The delicacy and grace with which she warbled 'With verdure clad,' her splendid voice and brilliant execution in 'On mighty wings,' and her exquisite tenderness in the duet, 'Graceful Consort,' excited the audience to enthusiasm. The other solo parts were admirably sung by Mr. Locke and Mr. Weiss; and Haydn's great masterpiece was probably never more magnificently performed. Every part of the hall was densely crowded. We have only one thing to add—and we do it with sincere sorrow—that only once more will the notes of the Nightingale of nightingales be heard in England.—*Times*, June 26.

MEETING OF THE CHARITY CHILDREN.—The hundred and fifty-sixth anniversary meeting of the Charity Children, belonging to the various free schools of the metropolis, took place on Thursday afternoon, as usual, in St. Paul's Cathedral, in presence of a vast multitude of people. There was no change in the musical parts of the ceremony, with which alone we have to do. The children, as usual, sang the hundredth, the hundred and fourth, and the hundred and thirteenth psalms; joined the members of the United Choirs in the "Gloria Patri" to the Psalms, and also in certain parts of Handel's *Coronation Anthem*, *Zadoc, the Priest*, and the "Hallelujah" Chorus. The Chant to the "Venite" was Jones's eternal in D. The "Te Deum and Jubilate" were Boyce's eternal in A. The children acquitted themselves well and so did the choir. Mr. Bates beat time, as usual, from his rostrum, and the whole of the musical proceedings were superintended, as on a former occasion, by Mr. Goss, the zealous and intelligent organist of the Cathedral, assisted by Mr. G. Cooper, the talented sub-organist, both of whom exhibited their accustomed ability and care. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Lincoln. A larger sum was collected at the doors than has been known for years.

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